SOME NEW BOOKS.

A New Irish Nov-list

The impulse toward novel writing which has in our time all over Europe driven the current of imaginative talent into this channel leaving the fair springs of possy comparatively dry and deserted, may be traced no doubt to the example and success of the great romancer of Scotland. Homer has been described as the fountain at which all succeeding poets drank; and the author of "Waverley" in this other sphere of flction is the modern source, to which

Repairing in their golden arns draw light.

It is pleasant then to the national vanity of Ireland to feel that this great romancer from whose springs the rest of the world has drawn inspiration, should in turn acknowledge with grateful iteration that he has drawn his inspiration from those of an Irish lady romancer, Maria Edgeworth. Men of the highest literary eminence, among them Edward Everett, consider that in the great quali-Hes of invention observation of manners, familiarity with life, both elegant and common, wit and sense, she is not perceptibly inferior to Scott, and in natural powers is only exceeded by him in that realizing imagination which enables the possessor of it to perceive his mental creations with more than the distinctness of real life, and in that pathos which is the last great gift by which the poet and orator exercise their mastery over the human heart. Though inferior to him in these, a thousand passages of hers abundantly manifest a vivacity and fertility of imagination and a tenderness of feeling not often to be found.

With such an example and so much to fit her to be the local habitation of romance, it is strange that Ireland should be so little, or, at all events, so ineffectively, brought into operation. The same causes that have embittered and degraded her history have brought the character of her people, both moral and social, to a state which is eminently favorable to the inspirations of the novelist. The anomalies necessarily engendered throughout the whole frame of sosiety by the inverted and unnatural position of the institutions of the country for many years; the influence which such a state of things had upon all ranks, the higher, in whose pands the execution of unequal laws was placed, being forced by the very nature of the instruments, which they wielded to be bad judges, bad magistrates, and bad sitizens in spite of themselves, while the lower class, placed by the same causes in habitual opposition to the law, seem but to fulall their allotted destiny by riot and rebellion; the vulgar arrogance of the small gentry, so long encouraged by the despotism thus put in commission among them; the low circumventing cunning which was the only peaceable weapon left to their victims, and which is so observable among the once glorious Greeks, and in fact all trampled down nations, substituting the serpentine line of the slave for the straightforward course of the freeman; those habits of thoughtless and tasteless extravagance which a long monopoly of the public purse engendered in the master, and that recklessness of comfort and even of life to which a long despair of justice reduced the slave; all these are features but too prominent in the condition of Ireland to which a povelist might. in the portraiture of them, give unbounded variety of play. It would be diffisketcher of human nature could expect to find more original subjects for his pencil, more variety of lights and shadows, or more of that sort of picturesqueness toward which, in morals as well as painting, utility and order are the last ingredients necessary. It is wondrous, then, to think that since Miss Edgeworth's day the imagination, considered so essentially ar Irish attribute, has given us so few pictures of these most picturesque times.

Lady Morgan, who followed, was a tuft hunter of the purest breed, if there ever was one. There is not a pernicious point or affectation belonging to tuft hunting or modishness which she did not labor to confirm and strengthen by recept and sentiment in her works as well as by her own goodly example. Her peculiar enpacity too iamentably well fitted her for the undertaking. She possessed a vivacity, a playfulness which might pass for wit, and a certain perception of the ridiculous, which carried her far enough to raise the laugh, without being able to suggest the truth which often lies skin deep beneath the ludierous. Nothing beyond.

Maxwell, who followed her, and Lever, who modelled himself on him, are, as has been well said, pretty much the same thing on paper what Tyrone Power was on the stage. Love, fighting, and noise go at a spanking pace through all their pages. while they rattle out a story, as wildly rich in invention as a fairy tale, with the most catholic unction. Now love takes a lead, now fighting; but whichever may be first for the time, iun is sure to be at his saddle skirts. Perhaps the funniest Irish story ever told is Maxwell's 'The Man who Wouldn't Do for Galway;" but their books, though most delightful, grave, and gay and both commingled, are but snatches of life and adventure and sketches, the majority of them merely in outline; not complete works of art. Lever's stories especially are stories of pure out and out fun, and, from their quaint and rollicking Irish way, are brilliant after their style as Beaumarchais's "Figare," which, from its sparkling wit, binzing out sentence after sentence, has been not maptly compared

to a display of fireworks. But nothing more. O'Connell considered Banim the greatest of Irish novelists. He had to struggle with bitter poverty, and while yet young and full of bright promise the angel of death struck the poor wrestler's sinew, and he died of consumption in Kilkenny. His books, though rough, were certainly the most vigorous and powerful pictures of Irish peasant life of that whole class of Irish novels. There is a vigor and raciness in every page which atones for much of exaggera- We are entirely averse to the practice tion and bad interary tasts. The genius of the of presenting a halting abstract of a writer, like that irregular off-spring of fire, the tale, wounding its effects and anticipating potneen, has not only a strength but a wildness its interest. Suffice it to say, that the story, of flavor about it which it would be in vain to look for in productions more amenable to character, incident, and reflection than any the gauge of criticism. It is, indeed, one novel we have seen of late; as rapid and various of the great merits of his work that the portraits of low life which he gives have Elgeworth's. The Irish characters are inimevidently been sat for on the spot; the humor comes authentic from the very source of modern playwrights, but drawn with a truth, without having undergone any refining process | spirit, and precision rarely seen in Irish delinon the way, and though Banim shows occasionally that he can write with niuch elegance and | priest, rare, but evidently from life, is suffisweetness, there is in general in "Crohore of the Billhook" and "John Doe," remarkable as they | specimen: are for vigor of touch, truth of costume, and viv idness of coloring, a rather rough ton de brigand New assumed in the style, though it certainly throws an air of truth and authority over his White Boy recitals. Of Carleton and Gerald Griffin we need hardly speak. The former has written one, and to our fancy but one, good sketch," The Poor Scholar," and the latter, who has otherwise done good work, has in the tale of "The Codegians" merely put into long. wearying narrative a well-known story of real life, which had been infinitely better and more brilliantly told by that wondrous word painter. Bichard Lalor Sheil, in the opening of his Sketches of the Irish Bar," edited by Dr. Shel-

After comes a long silence, which has recently been brightly broken by the coming of a new Irish novelist, a woman like Maria Edgeworth, young, evidently of the national faith though weak and fluttering rich already in results, still richer in promise—May Larran, whose latest novel, Choisty Corea, published in Engiand by Bentley, has just been brought out by Holt. & Co. In their "Leisure Hour Series." In the representation of the class of Irish characters she essays to portray, May Laffan has in this, as in her preceding novel of "Hon. Miss Fer rard," shown herself most admirable. We do not mean in the mere Irish; that, as it almost always approaches to caricature, is not very difficult, nor when accompanished very valuable; but in the accurate discrimination of character in a particular class, marked with lively traits and distinguished by the several peculiarities of their respective stations. Most other with the comming of a new interesting the animal a gentle pote. In a few minutes they found themselves before a rusty iron gate. This gave entrance to a flagged grass-krown path leading up to an old two-storied house with, for its size, far too many windows. Eight of the sile adding to a noid two-storied house with, for its size, far too many windows. Eight of the sile adding to an old two-storied house with, for its size, far too many windows. Eight of the sile adding to an old two-storied house with, for its size, far too many windows. Eight of the sile adding up to an old two-storied house with, for its size, far too many windows. Eight of the select house which was obscured by the height of a couple of gloomy yew trees, which had overgrown the dimensions of the road, the view of which was obscured by the height of a couple of gloomy yew trees, which had overgrown the dimensions of the road, the view of which was obscured by the height of a couple of gloomy yew trees, which had overgrown the dimensions of the road, the view of which was obscured by the height of a couple of gloomy yew trees, which had over the accurate discrimination of character in a particular class, marked with lively traits and distinguished by the several peculiarities of their respective stations. Most other writ
gloomy look as if the winter that was fast advancing had an outpost securely planted here, and the sunless north aspect of the house added to this.

"Now, Philomena," said Esther, "get down a matter of luck which of these operations falls to the barber's patron to-day.

ers, including several ladies, who have attempted the Irish novel since the silence of which we spoke, have caught nothing but the general features, and in their descrip-tion everything that is Irish is pretty much alike-lords, peasants, ladies, and nurses. May Laffan's close observation and vivid pencil it belongs to separate the genius into its species and individuals and to give us specimens. She looks with observing eyes upon the life around her, and depicts it with considerable skill; she is keen in her discrimination of common charactors, and can well exhibit them, and her dialogue often reads like a transcript from life. To a power of minute delineation of character May Laffan adds even already the rare one of interweaving the peculiarities of her persons with the conduct of her piece without making them forget for a moment their personal consistency. In order to appreciate exactly the merit of this power we must recollect how seldom it has been successfully employed, Even in the drama, whose particular province it is to combine the varieties of human character into one action, to draw them, as it were, into the vortex of one interest, and to produce by means of conflicting passions one common object. Shakespeare, we think we may say, alone has been able to solve this great problem. Other dramatists, especially the French, have chosen their characters and objects with a direct reference to one another, and arranged their whole chain of causes and effects with a precision which, being easily foreseen, is not easily admired. He alone takes men and women as he finds them in nature, and, blending their powers yet discriminating their motives, without difficulty and apparently without effort moulds the vast variety to the great purpose for which he had designed them. But in most of our modern drama and novels nothing is real; their scenes are fancy, and their actors mere essences.

Now, May Laffan has one marked peculiarity. It is that of venturing to dispense common sense to her readers, and to bring them within the precincts of real life and natural feeling. She presents them with no incredible adventures nor inconceivable sentiments, no hyperbolical representations of uncommon character nor monstrous exhibitions of exaggerated passion. To the passion of love. for instance-strange quality in a young woman -she knows how to assign its just limits. She neither degrades the sentiment from its true dignity nor lifts it to a burlesque elevation. It takes its proper place among the other pas-sions. Her heroes and heroines, if such they may be called, are not miraculously good nor detestably wicked. They are such men as those who have been on the spots where she places her scenes would see converse with every day of their lives; with the same proportionate mixture in them of what is right and what is wrong, of what is great and what is little. Rejecting the comonplace sources of artificial interest, May Laffan derives her attraction from a genuine display of nature and a certain tone of rationality and good sense, which is the more pleasing because in the general run of novels nowadays it is so very new. The charm of probability by which May Laffan's novels are so strongly characterized is effected not only by an undeviating attention to Nature, but by producing her under the forms in which she most usually presents herself, neglecting those which, though more imposing, are less frequent. She not only paints to the life, but has drawn that life from subjects generally considered dry and unproductive, such as are supposed unfit materials for fiction, because, even in real life, they do not excite any warmth of interest. Character, for instance, seldom strikes until it is formed and finished. But May Laffan represents it even in its first elements, traces the progress of its formation, marks the effect produced upon it by influences which, however real, have no connection whatever with the striking or the romantic, and conducts it finally to a consummation neither of abandoned vice nor of faultless virtue, but of that mixed good and evil to which most artists would despair of their ability to give interest and effect.

This development of character is managed with such a graceful feminine tact as to leave the readers of romance no regret for the shining improbabilities and fairy coloring of high fancy to which they have been accustomed. To support in any degree the interest in a tale of detion, and yet to divest it of the romantic tone to which fiction seems always to have owed its chief allurement, implies powers of no ordi-

This novel of "Christy Carew" is written to picture what is termed the middle order of people around Dublin, and happily eschews, except in one stray sketch, the foolish and fashionable "Castle set," which constitutes the favorite field of the would-be painters stanof Irish metropolitan life. The fashionable set of Dublin is too vain, too busy, too dissipated to read, certainly to remember, anything written about it. Everything serious it repels by "its dear wit and gay rhetoric," and against everything polynant it seeks shelter in the impenetrable armor of bold stupidity:

Lauched at, it is nichs again; and, stricken hard, Turns to the stroke its adminanting scales, That lear no discipline of human hands.

A book on their own society, and especially a witty, pleasant, and popular book like this, is, however, still a thing of consequence to such of the middle class in Ireland as are in the habit of reading. They dispute about it bloom, and that her earliest, most elaborate and think of it; and as they occasionally make themselves ridiculous by copying the manners it displays, so they are apt to be impressed by any lessons its pictures of character teach, and the blossom of still richer. on the whole receive it into considerable authority among the regulators of their opinion. But devotees of fashion, as a lot, have scarcely leisure to read, and none, if they ever do read to think about what they have been reading. It would be a derogation from their dignity to speak of a book in any terms but those of friv-

while quite natural and simple, is more rich in and as full of practical sense as any of Maria itable of their kind, not the coarse caricatures eations. The following picture of an irish ciently detached to admit of being framed as a

They had turned a corner, and this village of Newtown Mount Kelly lay before them—a village the exact type of its class all over the country, and consisting of a filtry, muddy street, flanked on either side by cottages, some of which were slated, but in the main part thatched; all with that weather-beaten, dilapidated look of poverty and thriftlessness, two qualities the fullest expression of which is to be found in Irish rural scenes.

A few diss roamed from one gutter to the other. The hens and children had established themselves on the thresholds, where they seemed to enjoy equal rights; the women squated about in the sun, or projected their tangled heads from the doors to view the phaeton and its occupants.

n and its occupants.
"We go round that corner by the great chestnut tree: his house is a little further along the road." Esther said, giving the animal a gentle

else Paddy will run off home, and perhaps smash everything. We shan't be long." She and Chrisiy went up to the hall door, and knocked with the rusty oid ring depending from a conje looking brass lion's mouth that served for that purpose. After a deiny, there appeared an elderly woman, respectable as to dress, and with a countenance expressing at once kindness and screnity, who websered them aeross a narrow, unfurnished passure into a large bure room, inwhich there were two chairs and a common deal table. Bound the room by the wall lay deal packing mass of great soludity; one or two were open, showing the leatner covers of the books, which seemed their only contents. The boards were bare, and the solitary back window, without cuttain or blind, save an open outlook into the wilderness of a garden, where the fluest of the heiges had grown up unchecked, and the grass had ong are invalid and made its own of the alleys, whose whereabouts was to be guessed only from the innumers's afforded by the struggling box edges. The fruit ress ware unpruned and untended, and the grass that out more than the boundaries and spruwled across the neglected pathway, shaking its now ripe seed vessels among the grass, and an old disused pump raised its spectral-looking frame from a circle of tail Michaelmas daisles and andactous dandelions.

Oh, my saints!" ejeculated Christy, looking out the window, after a discursive range of the room. "Wil you look at the state of his garden?" Esther obeyed this invitation, a tdressed, though indirectly, to her, and sighed we say, shaking its now ripe seed vessels among the grass, and an old disused pump raised its spectral-looking frame from a circle of tail Michaelmas daisles and andactous dandelions.

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hand, and, holding, turned to look at Christy, who steed a little behind. "And this is Elizahand, and, holding, turned to look at Christy, who stood a little behind. "And this is Elizabeth—no—no."

"No, father. This is Christina Carew. I told you about her before." Father Busidine dropped Esther's hand, and bowed with a quaint old world contresy of manner so graceful and perfectly foreign that Christy, as she returned the salutation, somehow feit the whole atmosphere of the place changed. She forgot the rare, empty room, the incongruousness of everything, the ruined garden, and the dusty, worn garb of the old priest, all which had seemed to her a few minutes before provocative merely of contempt and mirth. Worn and pale as the old man looked, there was a mild dignify and individuality about his person that could not fail to impress even the lightest-minded observer. "I am glad to see you—very," he said graciously, "And now tell me"—he was looking toward Esther now—"how is my good friend, my old friend, your father, child? Come into my room; there are at least three chairs there. Miss Carew, and you must be tired after so long a walk."

father, child? Come into my room; there are at least three chairs there, Miss Carew, and you must be tired after so long a walk."

He turned and led the way to another apartment across the halt. The girls tripped after him, and found themselves this time in a furnished room; that is, heavy laden bookcases all fitted with glass doors, and some with curtains, ran all round the room, and there was a table in the centre, but loaded also with dusty volumes of all kinds. An old easy chair, with a rich colored embroidered cushion that Esther had worked for him, was set near the fire, and beside it, on a reading cased, a hung volume bound in curious antique fashion, with elasps of chased brass work, my open, just as its owner had left it when summoned away. Over the chimney piece was a large ivory cruciffx, beautifully carved, and of a strange, quaint device, but sailly yellowed by time, and piled below it were volumes of books in wenther-worn call, tough sheepskin, stamped gift leather, or the filmsy yellow paper covers that the French think good enough for their literary productions. An Agnus Dei, the wax of which was yellow and crumbly, in a gift frame, hung to the loot of the cruciffx, and below it a great bunch of keys. At the back of the door was another soutane, something newer looking, and the black frock coat thing newer looking, and the black frock coat thing newer looking, and the black frock coat that Cone, and the black frock continuity that of large size that the old priest wore whenever he look his rare excursions abroad. "Don't take that chair, dear child," cried the master of the bone, hastily seeing that Esther was about to pull a chair out of a corner, "that is an invalid; it has only three serviceable legs. Canon Cafferywas too much for its constitution that day he called to see me after he came back from Rome. Dear dear! I should be sorry if you were to get a fail. Come near the fire, my children. Alt, you leel warm, ch? I am never warm—never. He stood now with his back to the grate, in which a red

world. Come early some day, and we'll drive you home."

"Thanks, dear: I never dine out. No, child, no, I am too old for gayety and racketing, and—and—" He did not fluish the sentence, but gianced round the room at the books. "I see what it is," said Esther, reprovingly: "you won't leave your books." He suched and smiled, then shook his head, as if in vain endeavor to repel the accusation, and, setting up, began to tumble with the bunch of keys. Coristy, who found the air of the room, compounded as it was of the smell of old leather and monifering furniture, intolerably close, had perched herself on the old-fashioned deep windowsil, and with her critical faculties, which had been suspended for the moment by the unexpected circumstances of her encounter with her lost, how fully awakened, was looking at him curiously. The light which she, sitting sideways, did not in the least observe, fell in a clear stream on the hitse old priest, and his quaint paic face and baid head with its straighing silver locks seemed as if it shed a ninuous of paic gold light all around. The skin was also intely coloriess and transparent, and waxen of hue; the retreating broad forehead and long-shaped head was bent forward always, as if from constant portag over his belowed volumes, massing her think of some picture she remembered to have seen of one of the clid fathers of the Church—Aquinas, perhaps, or Augusine, offit his face was too benign and sweet for that flerce doctor and lawgiver.

Miss Laffan will, we feel sure, remember that

Miss Laffan will, we feel sure, remember that Maria Edgeworth did not burst, but stole, into production, "Belinda," scarcely ever rose to the first rank in the public estimation. The young tree has already borne rich fruit, and wears

Mark Twain on the Philosophy of Shaving

From the Hartford Cowant. It is safe to say that nine out of ten of the It is safe to say that nine out of ten of the men one meets on the streets in our cities shave, or rather are shaved. Some shave the moustache, some the chin, some the cheeks. Indeed, one must go into mathematics to the tables of permutations and combinations to find how many varieties of shaving are possible. Woman is accussed of being the party who devotes her time to appearances and frivolities of the mirror, but, after all, man does his share of it. The reason he escapes the charge is that he blandy sets down his decorative work as being a matter of necessity.

And it is true that shaving is a very old cus-I necessity.

And it is true that shaving is a very old cus-

tom, nor have we anything to say against it, ex-cept that it is unnatural, and is, and should be acknowleded to be, a concession to the looking-glass and to wanty. But the point is that old acknowledged to be, a concession to the lookingglass and to vanity. But the point is that, old
as is the art, it is a singular thing how lew
know how to shave. "Nearly all men shave in
the passive voice." This may be taken as the
grammatical phrase or as an acknowledgment
of the voice of the barber which they have to
endure. Each signification is true. And while
nearly all men consent to refer their shaving to
a few who make it a business, only a fraction
of that few undirestant their art.

There is a financial blunder at the bottom of
it that makes trouble all through. The dogma
that a stiff beard and a full face will choose to
have his whole expansive countenance clean
shorn; another will shave on his upper lip.
To each it is "a snave," and each is charged
alike. One may require thirty minutes attention, the other ten minutes. The first will dula
razer, the second not affect its edge. To each
it is ten cents. Now, a barber's working day, we
will assume, is ten hours long. If he is occupied three-quarters of the time, he must be
suster usually than appears. This gives him
seven hours' labor, and if he struck a day of
half-hour laces his whole receipts would be
\$1.40. If his luck cave him ten-minute cases,
he would take in \$2.10. Even this would not
pay were it not for the side issues—the hair-cuts
and shampoos of the trade—this bring in more
per hour than the fundamontal industry.

Now, as the price and the circumstances of
shaving go, it is a constant burry to finish a
min, as afaving scarcely pays at the best, and
if he is one of the most absorbing subjects—full
shave and a stiff beard—it is a loss to work upon
him. To shave him carefully related. man, as shaving scarcely pays at the best, and if he is one of the most absorbing subjects—full shave and a stiff beard—it is a loss to work upon him. To shave him carefully takes too much time and costs the edge of the razor. To skim over his face, cutting off sections of beard here and there, and leaving odd cases of hair along the deserts of the clock, saves the razor and the deserts of the clock, saves the razor and spoils the person who pays for the or-ration, and who should not be entirely forgotten. The scale of prices ought to be regulated by what one gets, and baroers ought to have the courage to charge for what they do.

This done, a revolution in the art would follow. Speed would not be the great aim. Attention could be given to the removal of the beard, which, in old times, it was as important to remove as the lather, and the man who went out of the barber's shop would leave satisfied, inPOETRY OF THE PERIOD.

An Old Story. Fisherman John is brave and strong, None more brave on the coast than he; He owns a cottage and fishing smack As ships as ever need be And, what is truer than I could wish. Fisherman John loves me.

Often and otten when day is done

With smiling lips and eager eyes He comes to woo me; in every way That a man may try he tries To win me; but that he can never do, Though he woo me till he dies. Fisherman Jack is a poorer man;

He owns not cottage nor fishing smack, But a winning voice and smile are his, And a manly grace. Alack! It will not break my heart to tell That I love Fisherman Jack. He loves not me; but every night

Who cares no more for love of bers Than the sea he sails upon. Often we wonder, do Kate and I. That fate should cross us so cruelly. We think of the lovers we do not love,

Never a heart has she for him-

For she loves Pisherman John,

And dream of what life would be, If only Fisherman John loved her. And Fisherman Jack loved me. CARLOTTA PERST.

Animals have Souls as Much as Men. From the Free Religious Index "Yeaterlay we buried my pretty brown mare under the will erry tree. End of Poor Bess."

When a human being dies, seeming starte so sood or wiss. Searce so high in scale of mind As the thorse he leaves behind, "Lo," we ery, "the floeting spirit Doth a newer gark inherit, Through ehernity dolf soar, Growing, greatening, evermore," But our beautiful dumb creatures Yield their gentle, generous natures, With their mute, aspealing eyes, Hausted by earth's mysteries, Wistinity upon us cast. Loving, russing, to the last; And we arrocavity ray, "They have had their little day; Nothing of them but was clay." Has all perished? Was no mind Can the love that filled those eyes With most eloquent replies. When the glossy head, close pressing, Grateful met your hands caressing? Can the most intelligence, Brillies of our homan sense With strange wiedout—huried be Under the wild othersy tree? Are these elements that can spring In a daisy's blossoming? Or in long, dark grasses wave Plume-like o'er voir tavorite's grave Can they live in us, and fade. In all else that God has made? In there aught of harm, believing Tink, some newer form receiving. They may find a wider aphere. Live a larger life than here? That the meek, appealing eves, Haunted by strange invaseries. Find a more extended field, To new destines unscaled, Or that in the rise need prime Or that in the rise need prime Received that unknown domain, We may find our pets again?

What Happened when We were Young.

HILLES BARRON BOSTWICE.

From the Birlington Hatcheye. heard the bob-white whistle in the dewy breath o The bloom was on the alder and the tasset on the corn. I stood with beating heart beside the babbling Mac-o To see my love come down the gien to keep her tryst with me.

I saw her pace, with quiet grace, the shaded path along, And bause to pluck a flower, or hear a thrush a song. Demed by her proud tather as a suffer to be seen. She came to me with loving trust, my gracious little queen.

Above my station, heaven knows, that gentle maiden For she was belie and wide beloved, and I a cub unknown; The rich and great about her througed, and sought on besided kive.

For love this gracious princess gave with all her heart to me. So like a startled fawn before my longing eyes she stood,

Tis sweet to hear the pattering rain that luils a dim lit

dream;
Its sweet to hear the song of birds, and sweet the ripping stream;
Its sweet amid the mountain pines to hear the south
wind sigh.
More sweet than these and all besides was the loving,
low teply. The little hand I held in mine held all I had of life.
To mound its better destiny and southe to seep his strife.
Tis said that angels watch o'er men, commissioned from

My succel walked with me on earth and gave to me her love. Ah! dearest wife, my heartis stirred, my eyes are dim with years— I think unon the loving faith of all those hygone years, for now we stand used this spot, as in that dewy morn, With the bloom upon the alder and the tasse on the corn.

DONN PLATE. The Wind-Swept Wheat.

From the Washington Post. Faint, faint and clear.
Faint as the music that in dreams we hear;
Shaking the curtain fold of siecp
That shats away
The world's hoarse voice, the sights and seconds of day,
Her sorry) ye, her phantoms, take and fleet,
Si settly, softr size. The wind a low murmur in the rippled wheat.

From west to east.
The warm bleath blows, the slender heads droop low, The warm bream mowe, the second at Asif in prayer.
Arain, more lightly, to seed in merry play,
They bend and bew and sway. With measured beat.
But heyer rest. Tarough shadow and through sun
Goes on the tender rustle of the wheat. Dreams more than sleep. Fair on the listening heart, and full its care:

Bend years send back Some treasured hair-forgetten time. Ah, long ago, When sun and sky were sweet, We shoot, breast high, 'oud waves of ripened grain, And heard the wind make music in the wheat!

Not for to-day—
Not for this hour alone, the melody,
Not for this hour alone, the melody,
So soft and teaseless, thrule the dreamer's eart
Or all that was and is, of all that yet shall be,
It holds a part
Love, sorrow, longing, pain. hirst that barns, hirst that barns, hiss that, like a fountain, overflows, deep repose.
I that we might have known, but shall not know, he doctook, the joy ife made complete; a chords all answer from the wind-swept wheat.

Fallure.

From the Boston T assertpt. Long ago you said to me. " Sweet. A glorious singuous before you lies?" You counted it out to my willing bet. You ignited the way with your loving eyes. Many the triumphs the years have brought; Norm the pleasures, but kremer the ram. I stand by your sale in the realm of thought. And I ask myself, is it loss or gain?

You give to me generous meed of praise, You give to me himor and trast, I know But you think with rearet at my simple v My fond unwisdom of long ago. Though I speak with the wisdom of gods and men (This is the bitter that speak my aweet). You are not to blame. There is naught to be said; Ever by tare is our planning crossed. I did the best first I could, love led. For the sake of winning what I have lost.

From the Free Religious Index. As the infant sinks to rest, Neetled on its mother's breast, Let me on thy bosom lie, Loved and only Detty! Let me there a refuse find From the motions of the mind; From the strifes of men and brothers; From a life all borne for others; From night vigils dark and lonely, Shared with doubling demons only From the fismes of paston's fire. From the grawings of desire; From the tortures of despair; From the black companion, care; From the slumber conched with sarraw: From the waking on the morrow What to me are pathways golden. In some heaven of legends olden, Harps and crawns, and garish show Modelled on the life below? Lite, still life, however varied; Still a burden to be carried. Naught of this, Gautama, give, If to share it is to live! What to me are time worn creeds, Web of barbarous names and deeds, Woven threads of children story, Far descended, crude, and heavy, Crimped to superstitions phases. In the infancy of races; Born of fancies weird and eldsh; Nursing aspirations scilish; Gilded with a specious learning: Cankering life with rutile yearning For a destiny supernal? Better, far, the rest eternal: Rest untroubled, tranquit, deep. Where no souts their vigils keep Rest in sleep that knows not waking, Thirsting, hunger, or heart breaking,

Where the pain to be shall cease, In Nirvana, perfect peace.

THE SPANISH FOLCANO.

The Molten Lava and Scoris within its Crater -Rumbling Preceding an Eruption.

There is nothing more grateful to the heart than a warm reception in a strange land. The smallest favors seem the greatest kindnesses. A friendly feeling springs toward the man who shows you friendship without knowing you. We find these good souls everywhere. In all great cities there are circles that receive lonely strangers with encouraging smiles and a warm grasp of the hand. There is not a town in the world more gracious in this respect than the good old city of Madrid. Intelligence, elegance, and beauty, no matter from what country they come, invariably find her doors open. If you know how to please, how to appreciate the hand that is offered to you, you are more than welcome. Spanish character, like flowers warmed by the sun, opens softly in the warmth of friendship. In Spain women are good and men are honorable. Their faults spring from a national fermentation, from poverty, from lack of employment, from an excess of imagination, from the necessities of life, and from an excessive love of luxury; but the essence of their character, a rude Gothle vigor combined with a Moorish effeminacy, still remains. Good nature is truly Spanish. You find a warm welcome in every household. Without knowing you, they invite you to dine, Should you accept, you may be sure that you will annoy nobody. Every Spaniard feels like a feudal lord. Paris is the Circe who has tainted the old-fash-

oned frankness and genial manners of the Spaniards. By imitating the French they have lost their originality, and have not replaced it with the inimitable case and exquisite refine-ment of Parisian life. As in the days of Boileau, nothing to-day is splendid that is not genuine. The foreign invasion is complete. You must have a French name to be a modiste, and an Italian name to be a singer. Shopping is done only in foreign stores, and fashionable watering places are those where Spanish is not spoken. But the women of Spain, born for love, are not made for vice. Ennul, the great tempter, poverty, and the desire for sight-seeing which devours Spanish women may throw them into vice; but when they fall, they fall into the arms of lovers really loved. The world is blotted out. The glorious sun shuts his eyes and covers them with his great blue cloak. Sometimes they awake to reality and weep, but they are so thoroughly enmeshed that they again return to dreamland. Although they give themselves entirely to love, they are chaste and proud toward those whom they do not love. Vice is really repugnant to them. Parisian life, however, is contagious. The women who return from the French capital are giddy. Mile, Ghinazzi threw herself into a care of llons to draw attention to her pretty Chinese face, Her example is powerful. There are women in Spain, just as there are in Paris, who go so far as to employ men to perform the functions of a fenume de chambre. This, however, is not fashionable. In the streets, however, you see only French signboards. The very shop girls try to speak the language of Racine. Women with a smattering of the new language sometimes buy lace for velvet, and take what is offered rather than allow it to be known that they have made a mistake in the word. Dandies have their garments sent from the Boulevards. At balls they speak a pretty patois. The finest subjects are discussed in the most incorrect language. Vainly have the academicians written an elaborate volume over the absence of the national dish, olfa podrida, from the royal table. The olla is vanishing like the old oil lamps, like the fat and smiling monks, like the monarchy itself.

Madrid is a French town. It is deplorable, but the heavy breath of the great Gallic city is bewildering and perverting the women of the people-weak creatures who hold within their bosoms the secret of the happiness of nations. In a land where the wives and daughters of workingmen are not honest, all is lost and lost forever. In Madrid these poor birds of the street, though famishing with hunger, are seated upon their work benches, in love with their poor students, dreaming of rides in closed carriages in winter and in open victorias in summer. When living is high and wages are low they cannot always close their ears to a voice that fuses the recklessness of a Parisian

the honesty of strangers, that have always been the special charms of Spanish society. Their virtue is not prudish, and their vice is not shameless. A Spanish woman fills her lack of education with the charm of her flashing eyes. with her sparkling repartee, and with her naïve use of the fan. Her fan is usually covered with the autographs of illustrious persons, with vague lines written by poets, and with sketches drawn by famous artists. Fans are winged albums. Enter a parlor and a lady offers you both her hand and her fan. Etiquette requires that you should write a friendly line or a flowery couplet on the latter. A poor barefooted match vender in a ragged cloak, with a face half covered with the singular handker-chief worn by chalillos-one of those wretched children who follow all trades-owned one of the most curious fans in Madrid. Poets and painters who frequented the Cafe Surgo adorned

it with artistic chefs d'auvre, These gamins are interesting creatures. Like Hugo's Gavroche, they are heroes in rags. They sell newspapers, matches, and flowers, They live on bread, grapes, and cherries-no meat, for it is too expensive. They know neither heat nor cold, for they have the strength that is born of gayety. On a cold night in Decomber a shivering child stood at the door of the Café Surgo with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, crying "La Correspondencia!" This favorite journal of Madrid, contains all the news of the day, accounts of abortive duels. love dramas, fashionable gossip, compliments at so much a line, and insults at a proportionate rate. Everything personal, however puerile, finds a place in its columns. It is the servile valet of the Government. Its proprietor, a Hebrew, has bagged all sorts of honors and decorations, including a seat in the Senate, with which he knows not what to do. This was the newspaper which the poor child was selling. The tey blast almost froze the words on his lips. A gentleman came out of the café. "You must be cold, my child," he said. He wrapped him in his ample cloak, took him home, gave him a good supper, and clothed him in garments taken from the wardrobe of his own little son. On the ensuing evening the icy wind again whistled through the streets. The cafe was filled. and the same urchin stood in its door clothed in rags. The same benevolent gentleman again came out, and was astonished to find the little fellow almost naked, "Where are your clothes?"

"Caballero," the child replied, "I sold them to buy a cloak for mother."

'And you don't feel the cold yourself?" 'Caballero, does your face feel cold?"

" No." the benevolent gentleman answered. "Well, I am all face," said the boy, and he trotted away in his bare feet, shouting "La Correspondencia!" He had told the truth. His mother was wearing a new cloak. From the ranks of these children come the toreros, the workmen, the idlers, and the brigands.

Unique are Spanish cafes. There orators make their debuts. There they discuss the casence of love, the Darwinian theory, the esca-

cover marble-topped tables with their work. The names of Schelling, Hegel, Frascuelo the matador, and of Calderon the pleador are on a par in these cafes. They speak of Michael Anrelo and of the superb and shameless danscuse Rotena in the same breath. They hitch Sagasta. to Homer. But despite a sprinkling of oaths so dear to Spaniards, everything that is said is well said. Each table has its orator, and fre-

quently a single table is surrounded by orators.

Place yourself at the windows of one of these

cafés in winter about 3 o'clock in the afternoon,

when the sun gives a lukewarm heat, and you

will be astonished at the luxury displayed in

the streets. Everybody rich opport, is premis nading, and everybody is well dressed. The fresh-faced women and noisy Spanish children present a picture pure and beautiful. Here of the streets are picture pure and beautiful. Here of the streets are picture pure and beautiful. Here of the streets are not as the street as picture pure and beautiful. Here of the streets are not as the street the streets. Everybody, rich or poor, is prome-nading, and everybody is well dressed. The fresh-faced women and noisy Spanish children

which nothing is certain and nothing established he knows not where to find the founting in the first of a Spaniard. Knowing that they are being deceived, they yield, resolved in their turn to deceive. A low standard of morals is gnawing the virtue of the women of the poors is gnawing the virtue of the women of the poors is gnawing that of the men. "If we cannot stand," they say, "we must fall, We must live!" It is a despairing cry in a country where the bountiful hand of nature is unappreciated. In this way the honor and grandeur of nations perish.

This pernicious influence and the visible distress created by a service imitation of manners and customs only superficially known create unessiness among the upper classos. Nevertheless, the people retain the Andalusian freedom, the familiar ease, and the confidence in the honesty of strangers, that have always been

nght to do. Marshal Serrano is an epicure. Echegaray

ought to do.

Marshal Serrano is an epicure. Echegaray is an orator, a poet, a practical engineer, and a swordsman. He is a rare reformer; one who works for the renewal of past glories with the childish zeal of a fanatic. Serrano dreams of succeeding the King. All recognize the importance of his illustrious name, of his real insignificance, and of his white moustache. He would make a fitting President for a republic of nobles and rich citizons. Echegaray, whose eyes flash fire behind his spectacles, aims to become the King of the Spanish drama, presently to the overthrow of the bourgeoise King of Spain.

Another famous man in Madrid hides blazing eyes behind his spectacles. Some men embody themselves with professed ideas without regard to consequences. They are martyrs. Others only go half way. Through the exercise of either prudence or weakness they make themselves conclinators in matters irreconcilis ble. They are the ministers of transitory and revolutionary times. Cristino Martos is almost an ignorant man. His knowledge is, in a great master, bon Nicolis Riyero, Martos is almost would that your desires for invary were found in the time may soon come when he cortes destroyed the fame of his chief and master, Don Nicolis Riyero, Martos is almost an ignorant man. His knowledge is, in a great progress. With powerful intellect he words out future problems. In clear and viscorase of the progress. With powerful intellect he words out future problems. In clear and viscorase follow the universal movement toward progress. With powerful intellect he words out future problems. In clear and viscorase from the reference of politicians must possess one great talent—the talent of inertia, which is sentility to the following is still to make the missing and he hays bare the time of the propersion. The following is still the following the first of the first o out future problems. In clear and vigorous ianguage he lays bare the resuit of his investigations. Good politicians must possess one great talent—the talent of inertia, which is sometimes action. Martos possesses it. He believes in the future—in the inevitable. He is inetinctively prepared for what is to hauven. He would not sacrifice a single hour of his morning's sleep to be a single hour of his morning's sleep to be a single hour of his morning's sleep to be a single and never betrays his ideas. He knows how to divide his enemies and how to ensaare his eleverest adversaries; but in the self-consciousness of power he sometimes allows his pride to open an abyse among his friends after he has created one among his anemies. He has the aim, without the activity of Gambetta, and is without his great popular qualities. He is docide, suave, elequent, terrible, but he is not strong. He has the talent of a destructive politician, although his good taste and artistic sense have always steered him clear of the ways of the demagogue. But he has neither the tenacity, the greatness, nor the power of reastance necessary in these times to organize a people. The problem is everywhere the same. The old world has failen, and we are all born upon its ruins. Who will be the first to unite and keep united the elements that form nations anow?

and keep united the elements that form nations anew?

Martos has the talents and the elequence of Don Sebastian Oleana, the orator who first shook the throne of Queen Isabella with the immortable phrase. "May God save the Queen!" Martos has achieved splendid frimmins as a lawer. His intelligence, his true genius at improvisation, and his wonderful capacity cloak his lack of knowledge. In pleading for political effenders he has shown marvellous that using language so forcible that its faults that using language so forcible that its faults. political offenders he has shown marvellous inct, using language so forcible that its faults were imperceptible. He will be the most prominent in the coming Spanish revolution mirrored in the transitory monarchy of Alphonso. To-day he is associated with democrats of various lines to combat the common chemy. To-morrow, when the throne will be east down, when different theorists will dispute for power, when the reat question now raised in France will be raised in Spain. Martos will head the opportunists, the nearest neighbors to radicalism. And, heavens, how many parties there will be! Each will have its illustrious leader. Social forces spring from divers interests and prejudices, and, allied to personal interests, determine beforehand the results of party struggles.

pades of a marchioness, and politics. There they read poetry and dissect the best written plays. There painters make the first sketches of their pictures, reveal their designs, and

All classes have their statesmen. For them tary officers, once cadera, but now inflated successes and the unhealthy fear that they spire, and unwilling to relinquish their author they were under an essentially civil and recollected from of government, there is the Matsi Serrano; for the simple and glorious in which purified Europe as long against 1813 with a more of liberty, for the instinctive liberty who love liberty better than they understand and for the infants, despits their years, a were cut short in their first hersie and che ish movement, and who are followed to-day the farmers and small grocers still longer on the threshold of the nuncteenth common them. It is the state of the limpers on the threshold of the nuncteenth common of steel, Salmeron; for the limpers, passential, and monumental republic there is man of steel, Salmeron; for the limpers, constituted the state man of marbie, Pry Marginston, the farmer is the man of marbie. Pry Marginston of the literary republic—degrant, computed the constitute of the literary republic—degrant, computed the man of wards. In his day her balance many opposing elements, and estate only that which has already been examples. All classes have their statesmen. For the mill-

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and a worthy opponent of the broad Canovis del Castillo. Sagasta dreams of becoming a Thiers; Canovas dreams of being a Bismarck; Pry Margail of being a Proudion, and everybody dreams of being a Gambetta.

There are no more traternal adversaries than Spaniards. Their dissussions are violent, but Irlendly. They make the most terrible accessions without interrupting their social relations. Bad passions never warp good characters. Nearly all the disputants have a common mother, poverty, and are bound by a common tre, intelligence. Like a true Spaniard, each is proud of the talent of his adversary. The hideous head of hatred is rarely seen in their discussions.

Indiana Republicans Indignant at Mr. Conking Reg.

Prom the Londwith Combine Journal

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 13.—Lord Roscot Conking is still sulking in his tont. Nay, he is doing more; he is treating the flepublican State Central Committee with silent contempt. For sey, when here two weeks single, promised that Conking would speak here on the 13th, on the occasion of the bir Republican this blowsout, and that Gen. Grant would preside at the "great meeting." The Whiskey Ring ex-President is willing to preside, but formsling is needed to reply the coming. Thrice have the committee in the last three days written him, to be thrice smallest the does not even confused to reply. The heads of the committee are mad, but finat does them no good.

Mrs. Smith's Revenge.

A couple of weeks ago a little woman and two children made have one reason as one cannot suite of the land of the seeman suite of t the courses she was the base of the course of the course she was a feet of the course of the course

A prominent passificative of the hely visited